

And of this yle lady was and quene
The faire yonge Isiphilee, the shene,
That whylom Thoas doghter was, the king.
SIPHILEE was goon in her playing;
And, roming on the clyves by the see,
Under a banke anon espyed she
Wher that the ship of Jasoun gan aryve.
Of her goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve
To witen yif that any straunge wight
With tempest thider were yblowe anight,
To doon him socour; as was her usaunce
To forthren every wight, and doon plesaunce
Of veray bountee and of curtesye.

HIS messagere adoun him gan to hye,
And fond Jasoun, and Ercules also,
That in a cogge to londe were ygo
Hem to refresshen and to take the eyr.
The morwening atempre was and fair;
In his wey upon the messagere hem mette.
ful cunningly thise lordes two he grette,
And dide his message, axing hem anon
Yif they were broken, or oght wo begoon,
Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitaille;
for of socour they shulde nothing faille,
for hit was utterly the quenes wille.

JASOUN answerde, mekely and stille:
My lady, quod he, thanke I hertely
Of hir goodnesse; us nedeth, trewely,
Nothing as now, but that we very be,
And come for to pleye, out of the see,
Til that the wind be better in our weye.

HIS lady rometh by the clif to pleye,
With her meynee, endelong the stronde,
And fynt this Jasoun and this other stonde,
In spekinge of this thing, as I yow tolde.

HIS Ercules and Jasoun gan beholde
How that the quene hit was, and faire her
grette
Anon right as they with this lady mette;
And she took heed, and knew, by hir manere,
By hir aray, by wordes and by chere,
That hit were gentilmen, of greet degree.
And to the castel with her ledeth she
Thise straunge folk, and doth hem greet honour,
And axeth hem of travail and labour
That they han suffred in the salte see;
So that, within a day, or two, or three,
She knew, by folk that in his shippes be,
That hit was Jasoun, ful of renomee,
And Ercules, that had the grete los,
That soghten the adventures of Colcos;
And dide hem honour more then before,
And with hem deled ever lenger the more,
for they ben worthy folk, withouten lees.
And namely, most she spak with Ercules;
To him her herte bar, he sholde be
Sad, wys, and trewe, of wordes avisee,
Withouten any other affeccioun
Of love, or evil imaginacioun.

HIS Ercules hath so this Jasoun preysed,
That to the sonne he hath him up areysed,
That half so trewe a man ther nas of love
Under the cope of heven that is above;

And he was wys, hardy, secrete, and riche,
Of thise three pointes ther nas noon himliche;
Of freedom passed he, and lustihede,
Alle tho that liven or ben dede;
Cherto so greet a gentilman was he,
And of Tessalie lykly king to be.
Ther nas no lak, but that he was agast
To love, and for to speke shamefast.
He hadde lever himself to mordre, and dye
Than that men shulde a lower him espye:
As wolde almighty God that I had yive
My blood and flesh, so that I mighte live,
With the nones that he hadde owher a wyf
for his estat; for swich a lusty lyf
She sholde lede with this lusty knight!

AND al this was compassed on the night
Betwix him Jasoun and this Ercules.
Of thise two heer was made a shrewed leas
To come to hous upon an innocent;
for to bedote this queen was hir assent.
And Jasoun is as coy as is a maide,
He loketh pitously, but noght he saide,
But frely yaf he to her conseileres
Yiftes grete, and to her officeres.
As wolde God I leiser hadde, and tyme,
By proces al his wowing for to ryme.
But in this hous if any fals lover be,
Right as himself now doth, right so dide he,
With feynynge and with every sotil dede.
Ye gete no more of me, but ye wil rede
Thoriginal, that telleth al the cas.

HE somme is this, that Jasoun wedded was
Unto this quene, and took of her substaunce
Whatso him liste, unto his purveyaunce;
And upon her begat he children two,
And drow his sail, and saw her nevermo.

LETTRE sente she to him certein,
Which were to long to wryten and to sein,
And him repreveth of his grete untrouthe,
And preyeth him on her to have som routhe,
And of his children two, she seide him this,
That they be lyke, of alle thing, ywis,
To Jasoun, save they coude nat begyle;
And preyed God, or hit were longe whyle,
That she, that had his herte yraft her fro,
Moste finden him to her untrewes also,
And that she moste bothe her children spille,
And alle tho that suffreth him his wille.
And trew to Jasoun was she al her lyf,
And ever kepthe her chast, as for his wyf;
Ne never had she joye at her herte,
But dyed, for his love, of sorwes smerte.



Colcos comen is this duk
Jasoun,
That is of love devourer and
dragoun.
His matere appetyteth forme
alwey,
And from forme into forme
hit passen may,
Or as a welle that were
botomlees,

Right so can this fals Jasoun have no pees.
For, to desyren, through his appetyt,
To doon with gentil wommen his delyt,
This is his lust and his felicitye.

JASOUN is romed forth to the citee,
That whylom cleped was Jaconitos,
That was the maister toun of al Colcos,
And hath ytolde the cause of his coming
Unto Oetes, of that contre king,
Preying him that he moste doon his assay
To gete the flees of gold, if that he may;
Of which the king assenteth to his bone,
And doth him honour, as hit is to done,
So ferforth, that his doghter and his eyr,
Medea, which that was so wys and fair,
That fairer saw ther never man with yē,
He made her doon to Jasoun compayne
At mete, and sitte by him in the halle.

MEDEA was Jasoun a semely man withalle,
And lyk a lord, and had a greet renoun,
And of his loke as real as leoun,
And goodly of his speche, and famulere,
And coude of love al craft and art plene
Withoute boke, with everich observance.
And, as fortune her oghte a foul meschaunce,
She wex enamoured upon this man.

JASOUN, quod she, for ought I see or can,
As of this thing the which ye been aboute,
Ye han yourself yput in moche doute.

for, whoso wol this aventure acheve,
He may nat wel asterthen, as I leve,
Withouten deeth, but I his helpe be.
But natheles, hit is my wille, quod she,
To forthren yow, so that ye shal nat dye,
But turnen, sound, boon to your Tessalye.

RYghte lady, quod this Jasoun tho,
That ye han of my dethe or of my wo
Any reward, and doon me this honour,
I wot wel that my might ne my labour
May nat deserve hit in my lyves day;
God thanke yow, ther I ne can ne may.

Your man am I, and lowly you beseche,
To been my help, withoute more speche;
But certes, for my deeth shal I nat spare.
HO gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this cas, fro point to point,
And of his batail, and in what disjoint
He mote stande, of which no creature,

Save only she, ne mighte his lyf assure.
And shortly, to the point right for to go,
They been accorded ful, betwix hem two,
That Jasoun shal her wedde, as trewe knight;
And term yset, to come sone at night
Unto her chambre, and make ther his ooth,
Upon the goddes, that he, for leef ne looth,
Ne sholde her never falsen, night ne day,
To been her husbond, whyl he liven may,
As she that from his deeth him saved here.
And herupon, at night they mette yfere,
And doth his ooth, and goth with her to bedde.
And on the morwe, upward he him spedde;
for she hath taught him how he shal nat faille
The flees to winne, and stinten his bataile;
And saved him his lyf and his honour;
And gat him greet name as a conquerour
Right through the sleight of her enchantement.

MEDEA hath Jasoun the flees, and boon is went
With Medea, and tresor ful gret woon.
But unwist of her fader is she goon
To Tessaly, with duk Jasoun her leef,
That afterward hath broght her to mescheef,
for as a traitour he is from her go,
And with her lafte his yonge children two,
And falsly hath betrayed her, alas!
And ever in love a cheef traitour he was;
And wedded yit the thridd wyf anon,
That was the doghter of the king Creon.

HIS is the meed of loving and guerdoun
That Medea received of Jasoun
Right for her trouthe and for her kindenesse,
That loved him better than herself, I gesse,
And lafte her fader and her heritage.
And of Jasoun this is the vassalage,
That, in his dayes, nas ther noon yfounde
So fals a lover going on the grounde.
And therfor in her lettre thus she seyde
first, whan she of his falsnesse him umbreyde,
Why lyked me thy yelow heer to see
More then the boundes of myn honestee,
Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fairnesse,
And of thy tonge the infinit graciousnesse?
O, haddest thou in thy conquest deed ybe,
ful mikel untrouthe hath ther dyed with thee!
Wel can Ovyde her lettre in vers endyte,
Which were as now to long for me to wryte.
Explicit Legenda Ysiphile et Medee martirum.